



Entertainment

Style Invitational Week 1247: Script tease

Reinterpret a movie title, then write a line of dialogue; plus words without T, R, U, M or P.



"Monster's Ball," duh. (Bob Staake for The Washington Post)

By Pat Myers September 28, 2017 [Email the author](#)

(Click [here to skip down](#) to the winning neologisms that have no T, R, U, M or P.)

"Monster's Ball": "No! Elmo says that's not yours to play with! Elmo says it's Elmo's!"

"Birdman": "Mr. President, I know you're frustrated, but stop giving Congress the finger."

"The Fate of the Furious": "Yo, Mooch, now it's YOUR turn to \$%^% ^ your #\$\$%\$."

"Lady Windermere's Fan": "GO LADY WINDERMERE!"

This week's contest was suggested by Loser Phenom Duncan Stevens, who's such an Invite-obsessive that he noted to the Empress that his idea is a variation of contests we ran in Week 625 (2005) and Week 129 (1995); those were to supply an alternative plot to a movie title (winner of Week 625, by Kevin Jamison: "The Asphalt Jungle": In this series finale, Tarzan suffers his untimely death"). **This week: Offer a quote from a script of a movie whose title you've given a different plot**, as in Duncan's

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examples above.

Submit entries at this website: wapo.st/enter-invite-1247 (all lowercase).

Winner gets the **Lose Cannon**, the Style Invitational trophy that we officially announce today. This handsome little creation — really, it's too nice for the Invite — consists of a tiny metal cannon that's really a pencil sharpener, attached to a beautiful wooden base that was crafted by Loser Larry Gray. And it's finished off with a "BNAG" flag stuck, popgun style, into its barrel. The Lose Cannon was inspired by a campaign tweet in which then-not-president Trump called Hillary Clinton that very thing, *verbatim*. This trophy replaces the Inkin' Memorial, the Lincoln statue bobblehead that we've been giving out since 2012.

Actually, for the past few months, the Empress had been sending out Lose Cannons to some Invite winners who'd already won multiple Inkin' Memorials, while awarding the last of the Abes to the less obsessive. Last week, Bruce Carlson won the last bobblehead in the box, so it's all cannons from here on in.

Second place receives, in keeping with this week's contest, **"Who Farted?"** a little book consisting entirely of classic movie stills in which glamorous screen couples like Astaire and Rogers seem to be asking that question — seem to be, that is, if you are a particularly annoying 12-year-old. Donated by the extremely mature Jeff Contompasis, and offered again after it was passed on last year. And we'll throw in some snacks for the cineplex: two boxes of **Crick-ettes**, yup, real dried crickets. You get Salt 'n' Vinegar and Sour Cream and Onion. Let us know how they were. Donated by Loser Lisa Henderson.

Other runners-up win our **"You Gotta Play to Lose"** Loser Mug or our Grossery Bag, **"I Got a B in Punmanship."** Honorable mentions get one of our lusted-after Loser magnets, **"No Childishness Left Behind"** or **"Magnum Dopus."** First Offenders receive only a smelly tree-shaped air "freshener" (**FirStink** for their first ink). Deadline is Monday night, Oct. 9; results published Oct. 29 (online Oct. 26). See general contest rules and guidelines at wapo.st/InvRules. The headline for this week's results is by Jon Gearhart; the honorable-mentions subhead is by Jesse Frankovich. Join the Style Invitational Devotees group on Facebook at on.fb.me/invdev. "Like" Style Invitational Ink of the Day on Facebook at bit.ly/inkofday; follow [@StyleInvite](https://twitter.com/StyleInvite) on Twitter.

The Style Conversational The Empress's weekly online column discusses each new contest and set of results. Check it out at wapo.st/styleconv.

And from *The Style Invitational* four weeks ago . . .

UNPRESIDENTED: NEOLOGISMS WITHOUT T, R, U, M or P

No matter what contest we've hurled into the Loser Community of late, the majority of entries have somehow managed to be about Our President. So in **Week 1243** we presented a neologism contest much like our dozens of earlier ones — except that the terms you came up with couldn't have a T, R, U, M or P (though I didn't say the entry couldn't be *about* T-R-U-M-P, a loophole some Losers dived right into). This contest proved a pretty tall order; the E received a number of last-minute messages noting, "Oops, I didn't notice that word had a U" (or other letter).

4th place:

Gagony: That endless split-second between telling a joke and someone

himself, as skewered by cartoons 

3 Celebrities, fashion insiders react to death of Kate Spade 

4 **Review**
Sex, politics and art painted in broad strokes in 'Botticelli in the Fire' 

5 **Perspective**
Trump's Super Bowl party without the Eagles, as mocked through cartoons 



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laughing. (Frank Osen, Pasadena, Calif.)

3rd place:

Lexiconfession: Admitting that you totally made up that Scrabble word.
(Jesse Frankovich, Grand Ledge, Mich.)

2nd place

and [the set of magnets that look like human molars](#):

KKK: A quick way of chanting, "Okay, okay, okay!" Trust me, I've heard some very fine people use it that way. — My Dictionary Is the Best Dictionary
(Melissa Balmain, Rochester, N.Y.)

And the winner of the Lose Cannon:

Gland-dad: A sperm donor. (Mark Raffman, Reston, Va.)

Hono*able *en*ions

Yo Nana: She's not as fat as Yo Mama, but only because she's so old. (Mark Raffman)

Shindig: The sharp corner of the dishwasher door. (Beverley Sharp, Montgomery, Ala.)

Chaoslessness: General Kelly's impossible mission. (Jesse Frankovich)

Basebleah: What Phillie Phanatic fans have been watching all season. (Frank Mann, Washington)

Licence: One of several legal documents required to run for federal office.
(Warren Tanabe, Annapolis, Md.)

Shiksa kebab: Barbecued pork on skewers. (Mark Raffman)

Donald: An old cartoon character famous for his ruffled feathers and spluttering outbursts. (Melissa Balmain)

Wedding: Going Momzilla on the nuptials. "We were going to have a simple ceremony, but that was before my mother started wedding."
(Duncan Stevens, Vienna, Va.)

Bleaking news: Let's face it, it's all bad. (Mae Scanlan, Washington)

Diss-ease: A compulsion to fire off insulting tweets. (Mark Raffman)

Geeze: What really old guys do. (Beverley Sharp)

Wowbegone: Middle-aged. (Brad Alexander, Wanneroo, Australia)

Delivision: Did you ever notice how people stare, entranced, at the "Now Serving No. ____" sign like it's the most entertaining thing they've ever seen?
(Hildy Zampella, Falls Church, Va.)

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Wensch: The hooker with a heart of gold. (Jeff Shirley, Richmond, Va.)

Nochos: A midnight snack. (Jeff Contompasis)

Hehab: Hooking up with a hot guy after a breakup. (Mark Raffman)

I of a Cyclone: He's so vain, he probably thinks this storm is about him.
(Nan Reiner, Boca Raton, Fla.)

Déjàvoodoo: The unsettling feeling that we've tried these economic policies before. (Jesse Frankovich)

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Blew-haha: A rejected Style Invitational entry. (Jesse Frankovich)

Nan Doylovich: The cyborg Loser I am inventing to enable me to dominate the Style Invitational!
(Bill Dorner, Indianapolis)

Still running — deadline Monday night, Oct. 2: our contest to take any sentence from The Post or another publication and write a question that it might (humorously) answer. See wapo.st/invite1246.

0 Comments



Pat Myers is editor and judge of The Style Invitational, The Washington Post's page for clever, edgy humor and wordplay. In the role since December 2003, she has posted and judged more than 700 contests. She also writes the weekly Style Conversational column and runs the Style Invitational Devotees page on Facebook. [Follow @patmyersTWP](#)

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